



With Compliments

Rob,
FINALLY, AT LAST. This is the 161
Songbook as I remember it. I have marked with
highlighter the songs of SVN that I remember. The remainder
are mainly 'Rugby' songs. One tape (reel to reel) of
the 'Merrie Men' is still coming.

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TELEPHONE (074) 91 8588
FAX (074) 91 8519

Regards

TUB

A FEW OF THE MANY SONGS & DITTIES RE
SOVIET VIETNAM COURTESY LTCOL TUB MATTHESEN
EX 161 Army Aviation HELICOPTER PILOT.

Rob Willis



AUSTRALIAN ARMY

Telephone

In reply please quote

SNA

OH OAKY

Oh Oakey Oh Oakey ¹is a cunt of a place
The organisation is a fucking disgrace
There's OC'S of Base Sqn and comdr's too
With things up their arsehole and fuck all to do

They stand on the runway they scream and they shout
They tell us of things they know fuck all about
For all the good that they might as well be
Shovelling shit on the Isle of Capri

Oh silly and scowl together know nought
Have you ever asked them all about
The shit catchers union and counting the pans
If its not in the bucket its sure in the fan

A pilot in Base Sqn ther's never been
Until the Duty Officer arrives on the scene
The question is asked where's your Sam Browne
The pilot says tersely you're some kind of clown

A Dining In night at Oakey convened
All of the honchos appeared on the scene
The Comdr welcomed them with open arms
Well that doesn't mean we cant sing you psalms

Oh Whitlams the king of this ^{regal} domain
He impresses opinions on us till it pains
The regiment knows the whole things a farce
And the whole fucking lot should be shoved up his arse.

OUR FATHER WHO ART IN CANBERRA
SLOCOMBE BE THY NAME
THE LIBERALS ARE DONE, LABOUR WON
ON CARANDOOPLY COURT, AS IT IS AT LANEFIELD,
GIVE US THIS DAY OUR TRAVELLING ALLOWANCE
AND FORGIVE US OUR ACCUSATIONS
AS WE FORGIVE OUR SENIOR OFFICERS
AND LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION
BUT DELIVER US FROM THE DFRB BOARD
FOR THINE IS THE POWER, THE A4 AND THE MINISTERIAL
FOR EVER AND EVER

AMEN.

ON TOP OF MOUNT GARRIE

On top of Mt Garrie

Without any snow

We lost a rotator

From flying to low

He put on an air show

It was lovely to see

On top of Mt Garrie

He clobbered a tree

With maximum power

He made his last pass

At altitude zero

He busted his ass

LITTLE BROWN MOUSE.

OH THE LIQUOR WAS SPILT ON THE BAR ROOM FLOOR
AND THE BAR WAS CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT
WHEN OUT OF HIS HOLE CAME A LITTLE BROWN MOUSE
AND HE SAT IN THE PALE MOON LIGHT
WELL HE LICKED UP THE LIQUOR OFF THE BAR ROOM FLOOR
AND BACK ON HIS HAUNCHES HE SAT
AND ALL NIGHT LONG YOU COULD HEAR HIM ROOR
GREASE UP THE GODDAM CAT.

THE MOONLIGHT POOPER.

I LOVE TO SHIT ON A MOONLIGHT NIGHT
FROM THE TOP OF A LOFTY TREE
NOT A SOUND CAN BE HEARD,
BUT THE DROP OF THE TURD
AND THE DRIP DRIP DRIP OF THE PEE.

Your son's been killed in Vietnam

Tub

The singing telegram,

I'll write it out later

This is a reminder

Your son's been killed in Vietnam

Doo Dab Doo Bd

Your son's been killed in Vietnam

Ooh doodah day

The mother fuckers dead, they shot him in the head

Your son's been killed in Vietnam

Ooh doodah day

Sweetie Pie

Ned

Bazzy Dicks

1

THE BARGIRL'S LAMENT

Ch Uc Da Loi, cheap charlie
 He no buy me Saigon Tea
 Saigon Tea cost many, many pi
 Uc Da Loi, he cheap charlie

Ver Uc Da Loi, cheap charlie
 He no part with MPC
 MPC worth many, many pi
 Uc Da Loi, he cheap charlie

Ver Uc Da Loi, cheap charlie
 He no go to bed with me
 Go to bed with me cost many, many pi
 Uc Da Loi, he cheap charlie

Ver Uc Da Loi, cheap charlie
 Makes me give him one for free
 Mama-san go crook at me
 Uc Da Loi, he cheap charlie

Ver Uc Da Loi, cheap charlie
 He gives baby-san to me
 Baby-san cost many, many pi
 Uc Da Loi, he cheap charlie

Ver Coffey san number 3
 He no keep his girl with he

Coffey san gets clap from me

Ver Uc Da Loi, cheap charlie
 He go home across the sea
 Baby-san he leaves with me
 Uc Da Loi, he cheap charlie.

Ver

Ver Coffey san cheap Charlie
 He take back 500 pi
 Coffey he not satisfied with me
 Coffey san he cheap Charlie.

TUNE ... BIG ONE

SVA

You could hear the gunners shouting
You could hear the people shout
I can see the bastards running
Sure that marking smoke is out
Oh the rice fields they were burning
And the gunsmoke he could smell
And the firey scene below him
Made him whisper holy hell
Whisper holy hell.

There was 50 feet between them
As they made their second pass
He could hear machine guns chatter
He could hear the rockets blast
Before the Vietcong found their cover
His bullets found their ribs
And the leadmans aim was deadly
With the weapons on his ship
Weapons on his ship

It was over in a moment
There was silence all around
There before him lay the bodies
Of the VC on the ground
He survived the first encounter
And now he's like the rest
He was a combat pilot
He had past the crucial test
Past the crucial test

Then his CO give the briefing
When the VC hit the ground
You must fly along the tree tops
Do a recce all around
Our great pilot did his duty
But you ain't heard the rest
He had shot up sixty ARVN
Who were on a training test
Who were on a training test

Now the moral of this story
Whilst flying all around
And you think your taking fire
From the VC on the ground
And they call you and they ask you
To make a firing pass
Then you tell your fearless leader
He can shove it up his ass
Shove it up his ass.

BOMB THE TOWN

Bomb the town and straff the people
Fire your rockets all around
You will really laugh your ass off
As they crawl along the ground.

Bomb them on a Sunday morning
Get the children while they pray
Lay a rocket on the altar
Don't let any get away.

Drop your bombs in public places
you will kill more if you do
bomb the town and straff the people
It will thrill you thru and thru.

Drop some candy to the children
Watch them all gather 'round
Take your twenty millileter
Gun the little bastards down.

SVN

Very popular
for Porter pic

THE BALLAD OF BILLIE JOE

(To the tune of GHOST RIDERS IN THE SKY)

Well he came to Vietnam with a gun in his hand,
Sworn to fight the VC in this troubled land
Down to his office each morning he would stride
Rifle, and pistol, hangin' by his side.

Billie Joe, Billie Joe,
Gunfighter Extraordinaire

To aid his fight he drew a vest and survival radio,
Hanging in his office in case he's called to go,
The weeks go by, he hears no call, he says "Here I am",
Alas no one knows Billie Joe's in Vietnam.

Billie Joe, Billie Joe,
Gunfighter Extraordinaire.

And then one night the siren goes, he's got his chance at last,
As Ready Reaction Leader, he sends the call "Stand Fast".
And then to our dismay he cries, "Just where do I go?"
His men look up, tears in their eyes, "What's happened to Billie Joe

Billie Joe, Billie Joe,
Gunfighter Extraordinaire.

Oh Billie, Oh Billie Joe you've had your chance, my friend,
For you it's the AO's desk until the bitter end,
Hand in your helmet, vest and survival radio,
If you ever hear the call again, please do **not** go.

Billie Joe, Billie Joe,
Gunfighter Extraordinaire.

CHORUS: Silver wings upon my chest
Fly my chopper above the rest
Thats the way I get more pay
And I don't need no dam beret.

VERSE: Tennis shoes upon his feet
Some folks call him sneaky Pete
Roams the jungle all the day
Wears that funny green beret.

VERSE: Leaves them out there all alone
Whilst I fly my chopper home
100 men will take the test
While I fly home and take a rest.

VERSE: There's a rifle on the trail
Marks the spot where he turned tail
Now some charlie along the way
Wears that funny green beret

Handwritten:
The Green Beret

DOWN AMONG THE SHELTERING PALMS

Down among the Sheltering Palms
I took my girl one day
It was in the month of May
There I laid her down in the grass
She began to wriggle her arse
Then I thought I heard the Angles humming
And I knew my girl would soon be coming
So I wrapped my legs around her and said
"Oh honey, wait for me, well come together
Honey, wait for me."

CHORUS: I don't want to join the army
 I don't want to go to war
 I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground
 Living off the earnings of a high born lady
 Don't want a bayonet up my kyber
 Don't want my bollocks shot away "shot away"
 I'd rather stay in England, Merry Merry England
 And fornicate my fuckin life away

VERSE: Monday I touched her on the ankle
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee
 Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress
 Thursday I saw it, oh cawd blimey
 Friday I put my hand upon it
 Saturday she gave my balls a twitch
 And Sunday after supper, I slipped a sly one up her
 And now I'm paying her 7/6 a week.

Here come 6 Sioux Choppers down the pass
With 4 pongie Porters up their ass

There's 163

There' fly free

There' fly high in the little old sky
and there' moving on

Barry Dick and Rudie Ingang
are ~~leaving~~ Tracking South once again
There' flying right, 'cause the weather is tight
They cleared the Pass just about the grass
and there' moving on

Lovely Lee and Harry Healy
are reving their twin props merrily
There' having fun in their new twin tons and there'm
~~and there' moving on~~

Jonnie Bell arn't feeling feel
Cause his Barometric Bowels are giving him hell
So he's moving on, he'll soon be gone
He flyen high in the little old sky and he's more

Lizard and Flea have left the sea
wandered up To Oskey to make whoopee

There' having fun
At last Lizard ~~Spouted~~ put a Spout on one
There' flyen high in the sky and they're' moving on

Big Bob Bennetts flying low
cause with that beer belly his Porter won't go
hes flying By ~~was~~ real low in the sky and hes moving
~~and hes moving on~~

ashes to ashes, Dust to Dust
If Pronkie don't get you!

Then Shoppee must

There moving on they'll soon be gone
for there flying high in the little old sky ~~and there~~
and there moving on

There's a big fluffy dog lying around
Sure wish someone would wash that hound
Cause hes real high
and not in the sky
hes much to close to ~~my~~ ^{our} shacking up post
so were moving on

Now 163 have got to go
up North ~~to the~~ to lead the show
~~At~~ They'll be flying right, looking real Bright
These' 163 from ~~at the~~ Oakley
and there moving on.

DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES

B. DICK

CHORUS

DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES
ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT,
WHEN YOUR CO SAYS TO IRON IT DO YOU
TAKE IT OFF IN SPITE,
AND REPLACE IT WITH YOUR NOMEX AND
YOU HOPE THAT SHE'LL BE RIGHT,
DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES
ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT.

VERSE 1
(SOLO)

THE SCHOOL OF AVIATION TEACHES
PEOPLE HOW TO FLY,
SOME FLY IN CHOPPERS, TAKING OFF
AND COMING CROPPERS,
THEIR INSTRUCTORS ARE TO BLAME WHAT
THEIR NUMBER, RANK, AND NAME,
FILL OUT THE FORMS IN TRIPPLICATE
IT'S THE SAME OLD GAME AGAIN.

CHORUS

VERSE 2
(SOLO)

16 SQUADRON GOT UP EARLY ITS WONDER
TO PERFORM,
TWICE ROUND THE AIRFIELD THAT DAY
OR RATHER BARE FIELD,
BUT WHAT WAS IT ALL FOR YOU HEARD
THE SOLDIERS ROAR,
IF FITNESS IS EFFICIENCY WE'RE THE
FINEST IN THE CORPS.

CHORUS

CHORUS

DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES
THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT,
WHEN YOUR CO SAYS TO IRON IT DO YOU
TAKE IT OFF IN SPITE
AND REPLACE IT WITH YOUR NOMEX AND
YOU HOPE THAT SHE'LL BE RIGHT,
DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES
THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT
ON THE BED-POST-OVER:

"FEE FEE FI FI FO FO FUM
OUR SOLOIST CAN'T SING BUT BOY DOES
HE HUM"

ON THE BED-POST-OVER:

"A DOLLAR IS A DOLLAR AND A CENT IS
A CENT,
WE'RE ALL QUEER AND THE ORGANIST I
BENT",

ON THE BED-POST-OVER:

"ONE TWO THREE FOUR FIVE SIX EIGHT
WE MUST GO OR YOU'LL GET HOME LATE

ON THE BED POST OVER NIGHT.

DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES

B. DICK

CHORUS

DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES
ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT,
WHEN YOUR CO SAYS TO IRON IT DO YO
TAKE IT OFF IN SPITE,
AND REPLACE IT WITH YOUR NOMEX AND
YOU HOPE THAT SHE'LL BE RIGHT,
DOES YOUR UNIFORM LOSE ITS CREASES.
ON THE BEDPOST OVERNIGHT.

VERSE 1
(SOLO)

THE SCHOOL OF AVIATION TEACHES
PEOPLE HOW TO FLY,
SOME FLY IN CHOPPERS, TAKING OFF
AND COMING CROPPERS,
THEIR INSTRUCTORS ARE TO BLAME WH
THEIR NUMBER, RANK, AND NAME,
FILL OUT THE FORMS IN TRIPLICATE
IT'S THE SAME OLD GAME AGAIN.

CHORUS

VERSE 2
(SOLO)

16 SQUADRON GOT UP EARLY ITS WOND
TO PERFORM,
TWICE ROUND THE AIRFIELD THAT DAY
OR RATHER BARE FIELD,
BUT WHAT WAS IT ALL FOR YOU HEARD
THE SOLDIERS ROAR,
IF FITNESS IS EFFICIENCY WE'RE TH
FINEST IN THE CORPS.

CHORUS

PLASTIC JESUS

24

I don't care if it rains or freezes
I've still got my plastic Jesus
Riding on the dashboard of my car
As we go o'er the hills and rises
Plastic Jesus magnetises
Riding on the dashboard of my car.

SVI

THE PUB WITH NO BEER

CHORUS . It's a bastard away from the women and all
With a pain in the guts from the great lovers ball.
But there's nothing so lonely morbid or queer
Than to knock off a bairmaid that's got gonorrhoea.

The publician's anxious for the Chemist to come
He's lacking with lust at the bairmaid's big bum
He's waiting to give her a belt up the back
But without a french letter he might get the jack

The stockman rides in with a masterly stroke
Takes the pants off her , and gives her a poke.
The look on his face quickly turns to a sneer,
When the bairmaid informs him she's got gonorrhoea

The swaggie rides in undoing his fly
He says 'give me a poke or i'll shoot in your eye
The stockman jumps up and says 'Dont do it mate'
But the swaggie sais loudly 'It's too bloody late.

Billy the blacksmith for the first time in his life
Goes home with a lodger for his darling wife
As he walks in the bedroom she sais with a sneer
'Without a French letter you'll get nothing here

There's a dog on the verandah still suffering from shock
He's just seen the size of old Billies cock
HE dashes for cover and cringes with fear
Billy's sure to root something I'm moving from here

The old ~~wale~~ moll rolls in all dusty and dry
Takes a pad from her pouch and wipes the spuffk from her eyes
She rolls up to the bar and orders three fast of cock
But the bairman says sadly ' We're right out of stock

She turns to the boys as she opens her twot
And with a twitch of her tit she sucks up the lot
The bar is all empty there's a half muffled cheer
Whose the black bastard with his dick in my beer.

Well Jacky the blackboy is hanging real slack
He's been rooting gcannas back up the track
He laughs and abuses the rooters within
He might be a blackboy but he gets it right in

The publican's anxious for the doctor to come
There's a piece of green mett hanging down from his bum
The cock's gone all randy and the maids covered her rear
Now she's got green meat growing out of her ear

The doctor arrives he thinks it's the piles
The only one cure is a large rat tailed file
He stitched up the maid and covered up her ears
It's no place for a fuck - the Pub with No Beer